

Ja Rule F/ Black Child

"Last Of The Mohicans"

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[Intro]

Heh ha ha..

Yeah..

Yeah..

Last Of The Mohicans' man..

Let's go!

Heh..

You'll never take me alive..

(It's time- DJ!)

Heh..

(Wake 'em up!)

I'd like to introduce you all to somebody..

Somebody very dear..

[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

I'm here to put you all through the pressure like nobody
ever

Cause everytime I shoot nothing but fo' and betta

And them slugs get heada' your way any day fella

Cause when murder reigns you gona' need umbrellas

Kevlar and a whole lot of gun runners

you hotdog niggaz hide your relish, ain't shit to tell us

I keep the army, and they stay armed- best stay the

fuck from 'round me

Unless your desire leads you to touch the dream

I be in back of the back, A.G. on the jeans

Hit the button to the left and you can see how it leans

This thang is like an airplane you park in the street

Mean, it's so vicious call me young, all the wishes

Cause I wished for it all, beg the lord for forgiveness

Cause I sin I'ma sinner, but I win I'ma winner

I'm runnin' the marathon and y'all niggaz are sprinters

I exercise more mental and massage my fingers

I'm lookin' forward to bangin' out start to finish

Give me a minute let me explain why most niggaz is
timid

They runnin' round with good bodies and no hearts in
'em

Makin' it easy fo' a nigga to get 'em- expose em'

Witness Rule the chosen, man who spit it the coldest

Load up this ten shot, till y'all niggaz the hole-est

I'ma God send- niggaz better act like they know this
Muthafucka

[Chorus: Black Child]

Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke and mirrors (let 'em know)
Y'all clowns can't be serious (uh-huh)
Many has tried but y'all can't kill us
We still livin' this real vivid, we real niggaz (nigga)
Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke an' mirrors (uh-huh)
We ain't neva scared I hope all y'all hear us
Many has tried but y'all can't kill us
We still livin' this real vivid, we kill killers

[Verse 2: Ja Rule]

The world is blind so now I gotta spit it in braille
That raw coked up flow you can put in the scales
So when niggaz start dyin' can't nobody tell
It's jus an overdose injection of that braille
Rule, when I come thru' can't nobody move me
I'm exclusive cop some new shit every Tuesday
Excuse me- bitch, I'm one of a kind
When I die study my mind and dupe' the design
Now I'm inclined, people say that I'm ahead of my time
Whoever said that they musta had they nose on the line
I'm not even in my prime yet, a veteran in this
muthafuckin' rap shit
What religion you practice, a pristical baptist or catholic
I can't really say I'm religious- and to that I'ma witness
But I'm spiritual that's why I keep the Lord in the picture
40. Cal in the 7-40 I laugh at niggaz
That wanna' get buried in cemeteries next to they
bitches
And get thrown wit' bricks tied to they Lebron's
The game we play is chess- them niggaz is pawns
You the first pieces we take off the board, because
I'ma king that's from Queens
And then it's the whole regime, betta known as the
team
Big shout to my nigga Preme
It ain't nothin' illegal about keepin' ya' cash clean
When you sellin' millions of records, and send me
some jeans
Muthafucka

[Chorus: Black Child]

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[Outro: Ja Rule]

[Backing ad-libs]

Yeah..

You know..

Uh..

Wha'cha'll don't know??

There's nothin' real about these niggaz in this game..

This is it..

Murder Inc. nigga..

You lookin' at 'em..

The realest muthafuckin' niggaz in the game..

You starin' at 'em..

Ain't no need to look nowhere else..

It's murder niggaz..

Holla..

We ridin'..

You know..

C'mon niggaz..

It's danger..

It's danger..

What up to my nigga Merc..

Big Caddy..

My nigga Black Child..

Rest in peace..

To our muthafuckin' soldier up in Heaven- my nigga

D.O. Cannons..

Do Cannons..

We see you nigga, we love you nigga..

(Shadow I see you nigga..

We gon' pour out a lil' liquor..

We gon' have some fun..

We gon' ride this muthafucka' out..

It's murda'..

Real talk nigga..

We in the building...)

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